

# Yalobusha Review

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## Credo

Frank Ridgway

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*Frank Ridgway*

Credo

*The railroad men are striking:  
a picket-line in the sullen morning.*

I recall a kinswoman from  
Arkansas humming *Just As I*  
*Am* in our kitchen at midnight;  
I have since learned another song—  
*I believe, I believe my time*  
*ain't long*—that I sing upon awaking,  
when I turn to face the sun  
with its wreath of rough tin points.

*The railroad men are striking:  
a breakfast shared with blackbirds.*

I first saw the ascendant  
sun from a hospital window,  
and I could hear the whiskey in  
my father's bloodstream singing  
with the solar chorister  
as the last pools of night in  
those astringent corridors  
were burned away.

*The railroad men are striking:  
trash-fires that burn hot as diesel.*

It was eight o'clock, and there  
was still dew on blackberry  
brambles. On a siding, a line  
of six black tank cars stood—  
mourners. They were stained with  
rust like traces of dried tears,  
and they watched the eastern sky  
awaiting their long thirst's return.